GREAT BRITAIN. THE ALABAMA CLAIMS-MR. SUMNER AND PRES-IDENT WOOLSEY-LITERARY NEWS.

IFROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. LONDON, Sept. 25 .- Mr. Renter's New-York agent sends us the curious piece of information that Mr. Sumner's speech before the Massachusetts Republican Convention has been "repudiated" by that body. Perhaps it may be news on your side. Of course I cannot say that it is not true, but there is no harm in guessing that it is not; and that this is one other instance of the extraordinary capacity of Renter's people for blundering, always at the expense of the Republicans. The dispatch is condemned not merely by its intrinsic absurdity but by the failure of the Philadelphia correspondent of The Times to include so remarkable a fact in his telegraphic secount of Mr. Sumner's speech. His silence is s negative pregnant, for he is entitled to the eredit of never omitting a statement prejudicial to Mr. Sumner, or to the Republican party, or to the North. To do the London papers justice, they seem for once to doubt an assertion coming from a source which has so often deceived them, only to be trusted all the more. Those journals which comment on the report of the speech do not insist on its repudiation. I am sorry to have to add that they again speak with the old bitterness of tone, and recklessness of misrepresentation. More than once I wrote that I hoped the fury of exasperation against Mr. Sumner and the country for which he spoke was only a passing one; that returning reason would convince England of her folly; that Mr. Sumner's speech would be taken at its true value; that it would be seen he made ne demand; that the substantial justice of his complaint and moderation of his statement would be recognized. But that day seems not yet to have some. Mr. Sumner's name is still a red flag to John Bull. The Times lowers its head and rushes at him in the old blind, stupid, passionate way. President Woolsey's unlucky lecture is once more brought out to do service to the English cause. I thought the English papers had made the most of it at the time, but they have now discovered that Yale College, of opinion in New-England, and that if Mr. Sumner is repudiated there, his doctrines need excite but little alarm in England. I hope Yale will pardon us the little smile which that notion excites. Nobody could have more respect for Yale than I have, nor for her venerable and venerated President. Her influence and his are very great in eduecation, in theology, and in more than one instance has been felt, even in politics. We owe her a good deal for what she said and did before the war, as well as during the war. Her Radicalism in politics, if not of the earliest, is at least of early date. Many brave words of hers are of public record but the one act I shall always remember with gratitude was little known, I think. In 1852 I was a member of the Brothers-one of the two great debating societies into which the college was divided. It was one of the years when Webster's apostasy had debauched the Northern conscience, and Southside Adams and other New-England ministers were preaching up the Divine authority of Slavery. Few men in those days cared to be found on the other side. Dr. Woolsey, then new to his Presidency over a college that numbered nearly a hundred Southern students, gave us in the Brothers as subject for a prize debate, "Whether the Fugitive Slave Law ought to be Obeyed;" and himself awarded the prize to the ablest argument against it. He much helped some of us in those days in our early anti-Slavery education, and I am not sorry to go out of my way to say so. Having said that, let nobody accuse me of disrespect to him if I add that to anybody who knows American politics [The Times's notion of his authority outweighing that of Mr. Sumner is ludicrous. Who would listen to an English journal that should set the opinion of the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, against that of Mr. Gladstone? Yet Dr. Thompson is a man as eminent lieve it can afford him much satisfaction to find himself paraded as an ally by the chief among all English enemies to America, and to see his lecture quoted by The Times as "acknowledgment of the strength of our present position." Nor could be, I think, care to adopt the language of the great partisan of the Rebellion, and declare that "Mr. Summer has again been scattering a Republic. There is a laudable something in the co-Imputations on the good faith of England during the American civil war," but that "as he was always his own solitary disciple, and now appears to turn renegade before his hallucinations are totally forgotten. Good manners and decorum are always a strong point with the English journals. On the strength of their superior politeness, they have lately been lecturing the French journals for license in attacking the crowned assassin who rules over France, How much right they have to administer such reproof may be judged from what they used to say about Mr Sumner, as well as from what I quote above and quote below from another journal, that is a thick and thin supporter of M. Bonaparte. The Telegraph in its elegant way says, that "as a politician speak ing with authority Mr. Sumner is so completely played out since his notable flasco in the Alabama claims question that few of his utterances will now excite much observation here, even when they deserve it." Of course, we have by telegraph but a very brief and imperfect, and in some points mani-

But it is enough to set these people going again. Mr. Higginson's Malbone, republished here by Macmillan, is greatly liked by English critics. The Daily News describes it as "a quiet story, full of mature thought, of clever humorous surprises, of

festly inaccurate, summary of what Mr. Sumner said.

artistic studious design," and adds: "Mallone is a rare work, possessing these characterists, and replete, too, with honest literary effort. The author has much of the psychological acumen of Hawthorne, but he owes to no one a pure style and a flashing genial wis which never degenerates into caricature or coarseness."

asking whether Mr. Higginson is not the same who commanded a negro regiment during the Civil War and whose narratives of his work and adventures in the Atlantic Monthly attracted general attention by their graphic humor and their picturesque and poeti cal descriptions. Truly, O Spectator, it is the san man, and equally true is what you go on to say:

"In any case, this bright novellette Malbone is worth;

There is a good deal of elever analysis in The Spec tator's elaborate review, concluding with this nice

"On the whole, this novellette, though imperfective of the whole, this novellette, though imperfective of the heroine, and not in tense in the interest of its plot, certainly belongs to the higher regions of literature. The descriptions of nature are full of accurate observation and poetucal feeling; the characters are most of them real, though slight studies, the purity of the tone is so keenly marked that it suggests throughout the sensation of mountain air; and the humor which lights up the lights and the gests throughout the sensation of mountain air; and the humor which lights up the little story is genuine and

The book being reprinted by arrangement with its author, let us hope the pirates-of which ugly genus there are specimens in London as well as New-York -may not lay hands on it. With a view to forestalling them, probably, the Engligh edition, though well

printed, is brought out at a very low price. The appointment of Mr. Seeley to be Regins Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, is reckoned not only judicious but bold. For Prof. Secley's authorship of Ecce Homo has long been an open secret, and Ecce Home is the one book of late years dreaded and denounced by orthodox churchmen. Lord Shaftesbury, who, in religious matters, is a sour pictist, described it in his mild way, as "the most mischievous book that was ever vomited out of the jaws of Hell." Mr. Gladstone is husself a devoted churchman, yet he was able to swrite a long commentary on Ecce Homo, rather union, for the popularity of freedom, for the destruc-

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1869.-TRIPLE SHEET.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, gave much thought to this question of authorship in making the appointment. Prof. Seeley is a young man, having graduated in 1857, at Cambridge, with the highest honors in classics. He has since been Professor of Latin in University College, London. Not many men so fresh from college have made so broad a mark in literature. Apart from Ecce Home, his contributions have been many. There is a paper on Milton in a recent number of Macmillan's Magazine and a series on Roman Imperialism, all betraying the stamp of the master's hand. Indeed, his qualifications are so high that they will of themselves break the force of the attack on what is called his skepticism; and as bigots use skepticism in the sense of enlightened inquiry, that will prove another recommendation to everybody who cares more for truth than for tradition. All the same it was a bold thing for Mr. Gladstone to do, and one rejoices to see that trait come out in anybody who is ruling a great people in critical times.

> INTERNATIONAL "PEACE AND LIBERTY" CONGRESS.

VICTOR HUGO'S OPENING ADDRESS-THE DELE-GATES AND THEIR CONSTITUENCIES-OBJECT OF THE GATHERING-LETTER FROM GARI-BALRI.

IFROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LAUSANNE, Switzerland, Sept. 17.—The great International Congress of "Peace and Liberty" opened its essions on Monday by the reading of Victor Hugo's already-famed letter of acceptance to an invitation to take the Presidency. Preëminent above all the many noble things that adorn and dignify this Convention are the form and prestige of this great literary genius, whose opinions in his old age are the evident result of long observation and profound reflection. Though virtually banished from his own home by the most cruel monarchism of present civilization, and branded as a disseminator of obnoxious ideas, he has nevertheless remained impressed with the ever-growing conviction that true humanity is never weighed in the scale of qualities, but, on the contrary, in the scale of quantities, arbitrarily determined at the unjust tribunal of prevailing customs. Victor Hugo is beloved by all who love which Dr. Woolsey is President, is a chief leader of humanity. This Congress must not be mistaken for the International Labor Congress just terminated at Basle, whose American delegate was Mr. Cameron of Chicago. It is mainly composed of delegates from the cultivated classes connected with clubs, and the legal fraternity-even the Corps Legislatif of France is represented. Nearly the whole European press has reporters here, and though the Casino is spacious, it is entirely insufficient for the thousands of intelligent curiosity seekers. There is something lofty and grand connected with this Congress when viewed in perspective, for here among the firs and pines, the capriciously wedging hills and their temptingly fruited vineyards, with a lovely view of the beautiful lakes in the foreground, and in the distance cathedrals, and the varied suggestions that crowd up and are banished for want of time for meditation. In short, here in Lausanne, where humanity in figure, in intellectual concentration and exquisite refinement, where agricultural exactitude and gorgeous nature center, the élite of wealth, of learning, of the people's choice, even of proud monarchies, have assembled to solve the terrible question of the poor man's wrongs. Here are prudent Germans with peaceful peticions; egotistical Franks to demand the first and last word in defense of lineage; spouting nobodies to disgust good sense with their wordy surfeit: thoughtful Englishmen with but a word and a purpose; rentiers both silly and sensible; anxious professors who dare not speak-and thus, with these elements of extremes the battle of Liberty begins. The Lausanne Congress is a sally of the radical republican spirit of Europe, especially of France and Germany, to popularize the American and Swiss plan of direct representation, and its members come almost entirely from the great Labor movements of Europe and America. Had not the vast and almost mies of England and Germany been tell ing, for the last 25 years, with the figures of industrial association and the practical results of cooperation, in the actual improvement of poor working people, this Congress of radical advocates and non-producers, whose boldness is inspired by those mighty but unostentations elements of power and security, would not have dared to assemble even in operative effort that attracts the involuntary attention and challenges the sympathy even of Kings. They have already scanned it; at first they frowned upon and then learned to smile at it. This means affirmation, and the world knows it. Princes and nobles, philosophers and students, see in this movement-many of them with joy-an irrepressible revolution, based upon peace and independent self-help; and so these antipractical gentlemen, screened by the umbrage of so great an authority, sally forth to suggest the future career of governments, and to praise these great cooperative and protective organizations of the poor. The Congress of Basle, it will be seen, was, therefore, the practical Congress; that of Lausanne the theoretical. But much good comes from these stormy theories. They offer to the world subject matter for the year's contemplation. They are published more widely than the deliberations of the Congress of Basle, and produce results by agitating and awakening the intelligence of society upon points of fact. There is, however, one remarkable peculiarity of this meeting, which shows how proclivities jump into the gaps of opportunity. Last year the Congress of Berne, so ably conducted by Carl Vogt, was largely attended by Germans and Italians, delegated from labor societies, and interpreters were there to render into French the German addresses. This year the practical labor associations were shy, and the Lausanne Congress is composed of delegates from the advance guard of legislatures and representatives from many monarchical municipalities of Europe. The French language reigns supreme. German gentlemen know it. German workingmen do not. Again, poor workingmen, enlightened by a decade of association in France, saw the sham of their votive

last night, he fairly acknowledged to me that his whole hopes were founded upon the great pioneer movement of labor. The hard-handed, half-paid producer, after waitng and toiling through unchronicled ages, until his inventions and works have outstripped the ravager, enlightened a little by this buffeting into economic wisdom, builds up a great associative finance of his own, into which the peculative non-producer is not invited. Associations, protective and pecuniary, threaten within a century to absorb, by family need and brotherly sympathy, the entire useful class, and make them respectable. Stern figures and consolidation bring these things before tribunals of justice and hence springs the Congress of Lausanne, which bred in aristocracy, seeks to ignore its humble origin. A week of debate, however, so largely circulated, must produce an excellent effect. None know better than the slighted workingman that the Congress, though prond, tends, whatever its origin, in the right direction. It works for political culogistic than cherwise. But I don't suppose he I tion of armies, and for the establishment of the great

franchise, clearly enough to revolt, last election,

and the consequent Imperial concessions have em

boldened the so-called bourgeoisie, who make their

monopoly of this Congress a theater for display. The

consequence is that the deliberations are almost en-

tirely political. M. Chaudey, a Parisian lawyer,

boldly says that he cannot occupy himself with the

workingmen's little affair. This citation is but one

of many evidences that self-aggrandizement is the

first condition in the category of incentives which

have prompted the legal fraternity to honor this

Congress; and, with true attorney's tact, they sway

it as they please. In a hot debate with one of them

Universal Republic. It is bringing before a hitherto blinded public a mass of information, fit food for reflection, lessons to a preparatory great and rapidly-advancing future. But in the dignified person of the President the workingman has a friend who will never forsake him. Victor Hugo is too great to deny his love for the world's sturdy children of toil, and too sincere and elevated to think of truckling to political ambitions. The following short opening address of his will powerfully help to give dignity to the discussions, and to confine them within proper limits:

"Words fail to acquaint you how I am touched with the greeting I receive. I offer to the Congress, I offer to this generous and sympathetic audience my profound emotion. Citizens, you have aptly chosen this noble land of the Alps as the spot for your deliberations. First, it is free, and then it is sublime. Yes, it is here; yes, it is in presence of this magnificent nature, that we sit to offer our great declarations to humanity. Among others, this: No more of Wars! Accomplish this and be happy. One question rules this Congress. Permit me, since you have done me the honor to make me President, permit me to suggest it; I will do it in a few words; We are are all here, what is it that we wish? Peace We want peace. We want it warmly. We want it absolutely. We want it between man and man, between people and people, between race and race, between brother and brother, between Abel and Cain. We would have a vast pacification of hatreds. But this peace, how would we have it? Would we have it at all price? Would we have it on all conditions? No; we want not our peace with the bended back, and the brow bowed down. We would not have peace under despotism. We would not have peace under the lash. We would not have peace under the scepter. [The speaker was here interrupted with prolonged applauses.] The first condition of peace is deliverance. For that deliverance we must have by a sure stroke, a revolution, which shall be supreme, and perhaps, alas! a war which shall be the last. Then, all accomplished, peace, being inviolable, shall be eternal. Then no more of armies, no more of kings. Oblivion of the past-behold our wish! We will that the people live, labor, buy, sell, plow, talk, love and think freely; that they have schools which make citizens; that there be no more princes who make projectiles of death. We want the great Continental Republic; we want the United States of Europe; and I pause with one word: Liberty! that is our mark. Peace follows." [Great

Many interesting letters have been received-one from M. Jules Simon of Naples, another from M. Jacoby, and a short note from Garibaldi, addressed from Caprera, as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIENDS: Your Congress for Peace and Liberty is the people's bulwark standing against the aggravations and corruptions of human society. Forward, audacions champions of Right, to the accomplishment of the noblest of missions! I shall the snowy Alps, in the midst of these old tombs and | not assist personally, but to the last day of my life 1 shall be proud to belong to your ranks.

> One of the French delegation yesterday, in a long address, very happily proved that the 4,000,000,000 of francs now expended in defraying the annual expenses of the French Government might, by the disestablishment of the Church, the repudiation of princely endowments, the discontinuance of sinecures, and similar curtailment throughout the system, be reduced to 1,000,000,000 francs. There is an institution called the Central Committee, which seems to work upon true Napoleonic principles. It has the arbitrary management of the whole Congress, and determines its career from year to year.

FRANCE.

NEWSPAPER GOSSIP OF THE EMPEROR-THE PRESS UNMUZZLED-ROCHEFORT AND HIS "LANTERNE"-PARISIAN JOURNALISM-THE LIVE TOPICS OF THE DAY-PICTORIAL CARI-

CATURES AND SUPPRESSED JOURNALS. Paris, Sept. 24, 1869,-In spite of the absolute stagtics, the newspapers are full of interesting political reading, and I cannot but think that Louis Napoleon, who is by no means an unintelligent person, or one uninterested in intellectual matters, must take some pleasure in the change that, by his consent at least, if without the support of any direct law permitting it, has, since the 15th of August, come over the newspaper press. Among the numerous items of tittle-tattle and gossip that crowded the columns of all the journals, official and unofficial, during his tedious illness, gossip of what he are and drank, and when, and where, and how he ate and drank it, gossip of how he makes his morning tea over aspiritlamp, with his own hands, and now his luncheon was brought to him on a little round table by two lackeys, and how his luncheon was game and fruit, or chops and fruit, and how he was always in bed, cating in bed, presiding at the council in bed, receiving his few visitors in bed; amid all this gossip, there was one item that interested me, viz., that he read, every day, all the newspapers, excepting one or two. We were quite at liberty to guess which were the excepted ones; we were free to hope that they were not the sprightly Rappel, the sensible and manly Liberté, the frisky, truth-telling Figaro, or even the pea-shooting Receil, bitterer and more malicious than the Rappel, but not so earnest, and that the august invalid's time was not wasted and his evesight strained by reading the wretched print of the little Journal Officiel, and that he slept well enough, by the aid of morphine, without resorting to that tremendous sleeping-potion, the Constitutionnel. Louis Napoleon is said to have a great admiration-queer ways he takes of showing it!-of English institutions; and, among them, the freedom of the Press is one which he not only admires, but envies. Long ago he would have given freedom to French journalists, his admirers say, if he could only have been sure that they would use it in the splendid way their English brethren do; but, alas, he was afraid that freedom the Press was a new wine that would not suit well the old bottle of despotism, and therefore he contented himself with admiring that particular English institution in his closet, and made no attempt to establish it in France, Now, however, that the Government is to be transformed, and a new system tried, the Press has been unmuzzled, and we are enjoying a pleasure that we have long been strangers to. Yes, for the time, the press is actually free, and the largest liberty is allowed to Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart to bark at will against the Government and everybody connected with it. You may fancy that the newspapers are lively reading! Rochefort's Lanterne is still published in Brussels, and is smuggled into France. 'Tis offered me every night by the old woman I buy my papers of, but it contains nothing worse than he puts into the Rappel, and nothing worse than other people put into the Rappel, into the Receil, and even into Figure. The consequence is that there is little interest taken in La Lanterne, although something of this must be escribed to the false position in which Rochefort has placed himself by refusing to accept the amnesty. He puts it bitterly enough, saying that he does not choose to accept favors at the hands of low people whom he does not wish to know, and who have never been introduced to him, but the unfortunate fact is, that, as you know, he is liable to arrest on entering France on a civil charge of having assaulted a printer, for which he has been tried and condemned to three months' imprisonment. His attempt to ignore this circumstance, and to give a political reason for his refusal to come back, is not creditable to him, and the French people, who are very quick at drawing conclusions, have not concealed their dissatisfaction with Rochefort's reasons. His photograph has dis-

appeared from the shop windows, the Lanterne

hardly pays for the expense of smuggling it into

Paris, and I doubt, if there were an election to-

morrow, whether Rochefort would be put up as a subject in my next letter.

candidate. Still, he is a sprightly, witty writer whom one likes a little of, and his pen is welcomed in the columns of the Rappel as an agreeable element in the orchestra. But he is no longer the entire orchestra, as he once was. All sorts of fiddles are scraping, horns tooting, drums beating, and trumpets blowing. and if the august invalid likes the music of a free press, he has it, now, to his heart's content. As yet, there has been no sign of discontent on his part, and not even a rumor has been started, to be contradicted next day, to the effect that the noise troubles him, as the noise made at the Fair of St. Cloud by the hand-organs, penny-whistles, and hubbub of the crowd was said to have done. One of the on-dits was, that he was se much disturbed by these noises -the Fair is held in the Park of St. Cloud, and in close proximity to the palace-that he had been obliged to retreat to the little pavilion, Villaneuve l'Etang, at the end of the Park. This, like every story that was started, was denied next day, the Moniteur saying that if the noise of the Fair disturbed him, how was it that he endured the drumbeating and fife-playing of his guards in the court, under his window, and the piano-playing of the Misses Albe-relations of Eugenie-which those young ladies kept up till midnight, every night, in an apartment close to his own! Upon which, out comes the Rappel, and wants to know how the grenadiers and the Misses Albe will relish the compliment, that their noise is harder to bear than that of the mountebanks and the rabble at the fair! But we may well think the noise of the newspapers may be harder for the sick man to endure than either. And yet, if his health permits him to enjoy any intellectual pleasure whatever, it would seem as if, with all his love of despotism, he can hardly help taking some little satisfac tion, if it were only that which comes from the exercise of human sympathy, in the manifest pleasure the newspapers have in their new-found liberty And, even to an American, the liberty seems complete. I do not see how the journals could wish for more. They say, apparently, whatever they please, and they please to say a great many very audacious things. They do not, it is true, go quite the lengths of our Daily News and Democrat, but then I imagine that under no circumstances would any Frenchman, at least, any Parisian, even if it were possible for him to have such thoughts, express them in such language as makes the staple of those two newspapers. The Frenchman likes to show his skill with the pen, not his ferocity, and he is best pleased when his adversory, receiving his mortal thrust, praises the dexterity with which it was given, and rejoices that he dies at the hands of an artist rather than at those of an assassin. But, it would not be, to praise the Paris newspapers, to describe their contents as made up entirely of witty flashes, bright repartees, keen poniard-thrusts, and shining sweeps of sharp Damascus blades. All this is very delightful to read, but it is the more so because there is solid meat beside, and we are invited to feed on something more substantial than mere wit and fun. There are great questions agitating France to-day, and the situationpolitical, religious, social-is one of deep and grave interest. These questions are discussed in many

danger of exercising a privilege which, conferred by an apparent whim, may any day be taken away by a whim. All the newspapers, therefore, are crying out for a law establishing the freedom of the press. Even the Constitutionnel—the French National Intelligencer, if that be not too hard upon it—which up to this time, has swallowed the Empire and the Emperor whole, comes out in favor of liberty of the press, provided that a law be passed giving the public a right to interfere when it is carried too far; and La France is also in favor of it, provided that individuals may have the right to prosecute the newspapers for oftenses against this, that, and the other thing. But Emile de Girardin and several of the other liberal journals demand an absolute freedom, such as is enjoyed in England and America, untransmeled by any law whatever. Although the newspaper press, properly se-cailed, is, to-day, allowed the large freedom of which I have spoken, the Government shows itself still sensitive toward whim. All the newspapers, therefore, are crying out for a law establishing the freedom of the press. Even allowed the large freedom of which I have spoken, the Government shows itself still sensitive toward offenders who ought not to be considered worthy of the flattery implied in their suppression. You will remember that the weekly illustrated journal called La Luke was suppressed about a year ago, and that when it was suffered to appear again, it came out with the new title, The Eclipse. The reading matter of The the new title, The Eclipse. The reading matter of The Eclipse is nothing; what makes it sell is the political caricatne that fills the first page. Most of these have been drawn by an artist who signs himself "A. Gill." It may be his real name; I do not know. His desired and the public has recently Gill." It may be his real name; I do not know. His work is much admired, and the public has recently heard with regret that he is threatened with ophthalmin, and will be obliged to give up his pencil. Time and again, Gill's caricatures have caused The Eclipse, as they caused The Moon, to be suppressed. Sometimes it has been stopped for what we may call good reasons, and oftener for reasons puerile enough. At the little shop where I buy my evening papers—all, or nearly all the morning papers, here, are published on the afternoon of the previous day! Thus, on Monday, at 2 o'clock, I buy Tuesday's Figaro—in the little shop, I saw The Eclipse, with a caricature of Dr. Nelaton, but I did not examine it very carefully. This was on Saturday, not examine it very carefully. This was on Saturday, On Sunday, I read that The Eclipse had been stopped On Sanday, I read that The Eccipse had been stopped because the ball on which Dr. Nelaton was standing was suspected to be meant for a bladder! I immediately went to my shop, and asked the old spider who keeps it whether he still had the copy of The Eclipse I had seen there. "Oh, yes, Monsieur, I have it. It is charming. The Dr. Nelaton, see you. He sails away on a bladder, from the sun, who goes to bed, who descends into the sea, the Emperor, see you! The Emperor look you, has evil in his bladder on a bladder, from the sun, who goes to bet, who desends into the sea, the Emperor, see you! The Emperor, look you, has evil in his bladder! and the Doctor Nelaton has sounded him, and cured him, but it lasts not long time, and has enriched himself. Tis true. He has killed the General Neil, has the Doctor Nelaton; in sounding the bladder of this one, the instrument broke, and he is dead; but he has cured the Emperor, and has enriched himself. Ah, the jolly design! But it is suppressed! Impossible, Monsieur, to buy a copy in Paris! An amateur of suppressed things. Is Monsieur an amateur? Would give me five francs for this, but Monsieur is, perhaps, not an amateur—he shall have it then for thirteen sous. Hold, Monsieur; I have all the suppressed things. I have all the Lanternes, I have all the Moons, and all the Eclipses—jolly, charming collection. Ah! if Monsieur were an amateur, but he would be delighted to see my collection. Hold! yes, I have—I have—the Emperor himself; I have the Rocambole, and the Garibaldi, and the Queen of Spain. If Monsieur will come a little further inside, I will show him all!"

M. Kératry's letter must not be dismissed in a If Monsieur will come a little further inside, I will show him all!"

M. Kératry's letter must not be dismissed in a paragraph at the tail of a letter. It promises, just now, to lead to serious results. Indeed, it would seem now that the Emperor must act in the matter of calling together the Legislative body. M. Kératry declares, that if the Legislature is not summoned at the time appointed by the Constitution, that he and a few of his fellow-members are determined to appear at the Chamber and demand the right to open the session. "If," says M. Kératry, "it be true, as is announced, that the Government has resolved to adjourn the convocation of the Corps Legislatif to the end of November, our duty, in view of this ill-disguised attempt to adjourn it forever, is clearly pointed out. Now that the Senatus Consultum has been voted, there is no longer any Consultum has been voted, there is no longer any excuse whatever for this delay. The Constitution decrees that six months only is to clapse between the decrees that six months only is to chapse between the prorogation of one session and the calling of an-ther. From the 25th of April last, when the old Chamber was dissolved, to the 25th of October next, is the required six months." " If, then," he concludes, "the Government, blind to its jority, does not fear the conflict it provokes, let us hope, for the honor of France, that there will not be wanting in our country forty or fifty deputies manly

AMERICAN EXPLORATIONS.

UTAH AND NEVADA.

SOUTH-EASTERN NEVADA AND UTAH TERRITORY

—THE UNDEVELOPED SILVER REGIONS OF

AMERICA—RESEARCHES AMONG STRANGE AN-TIQUITIES-GEOLOGICAL FEATURES AND TOPOGRAPHICAL FORMATION OF THE VAL-LEY OF THE GREAT BASIN-INDIAN SALT WORKS-SAM JONES AND HIS PROSPECTING

SALT LAKE CITY, U. T., Sept. 4 .- The safe arrival here, after an absence of ten months, of "the Morgan surveying party" from their expedition to South-Eastern Nevada and Southern Utah enables me to give you the result of their very interesting observations. The section of country which they surveyed lies several hundred miles south of the line of the Pacific Railroad, and rumor here credits them with being the first white men to thoroughly penetrate this hitherto unknown wilderness. The expedition which started out from Elko in August, 1868, after being absent about six weeks were compefied to return, owing to the great depth of the

On the first day of October, 1868, writes the Captain we traveled 15 miles and then went into camp. Nothing worthy of mention occurred the first week beyond shootng some wild turkeys, which we found quite plentiful in a grove of cottonwood trees, and killing a huge grizzly with two cubs, which, driven by hunger, made a furious attack on the rear-guard of our train. Fifty miles from Reese River we found the country well-timbered, and in some places the valleys were susceptible of irrigation. A few enterprising farmers had already settled in one of the largest of these, which they had named Cedar Cañon. Snipe, plover and quail were abundant, and our mess table was well supplied with them. At this point we bade adieu to civilization. Timber-trees entirely disappeared, and we entered upon large sandy valleys covered with [sage, stunted bush, and a variety of sand plants. One of these, the mesquite, is a shrub belonging to the family of the mimose. It resembles in appearance our locust-tree, is very thorny, bears yellow flowers and long pods which have a pleasant sour taste. On October 15, in the center of a large valley, we discovered some Indian salt works, but there were no signs of their having been lately used. In the southern section of the same valley was a curious collection of rocks, mounds and pillars, covering several acres in extent, and resembling the ruins of an ancient city We saw some remnants of what had once been arches with keystones still perfect, and a number of small stone pillars constructed with a peculiar kind of red mortar or cement, set upright about 20 feet apart, as if they had een used to support an aqueduct for conveying water from a large stream, half a mile distant, into the outskirts of the city. In some places the lines of streets were made distinctly visible by the regularity of the stones. These streets were now covered with sand many feet deep, and seemed to run at right tangles to each other. Some of the stones had evidently been cut into squares with hard tools, although their forms had been nearly destroyed by centuries of time. The impression forced upon our minds was that the place had been once inhabited by human beings somewhat advanced in civilization. Many traders noticed the existence of similar ruins in other sections of the country between the Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains. They may probably be the sites of the once flourishing fields and habitations of

interest. These questions are discussed in many of the journals with an earnestness, a temperance, and an intelligence which make it impossible to doubt that a new day has dawned for France, and that if her march toward Freedom is slow, it is also sure. A friend of mine who came to France with the sole desire to study questions of art and literature, and who looked forward to long hours in her picture galleries, museums and libraries, tells me that he has no mind nor thought for anything but the newspapers! Where he had looked for stagnation, death, even, he finds such an activity of life; so many problems are being discussed on all sides; and there is, in spite of shades of difference, such a unanimity of advance toward worthy solutions, that he has deserted the Venus of Milo and forgotten, for a time, La Belle Joconde herself. For my part, I cannot blame him. There is nothing so interesting in Paris to-day as the spectacle of a people emerging into the light of freedom after so many years of political darkness. It must be remembered in the meantime that this liberty of the press is not the result of a definite law establishing it, but is merely a license allowed. There is, necessarily, some uncertainty in the minds of the editors as to their position. The Government has earned itself such an ill-name, by its arbitrary proceedings, that every one feels the danger of exercising a privilege which, conferred by an apparent whim, may any day be taken away by an apparent whim, may any day be taken away by a appearance they presented in the setting sun. Here we appearance they presented in the setting sun. Here we appearance they presented in the setting sun. Here we appearance they presented in the setting sun. Here we appearance they presented in the setting sun. Here we appearance they presented in the setting sun. the ancient Aztecs. The salt in this and other valleys we found to be ex-

appearance they presented in the setting sun. I found a beautiful willow grove, whose trees esweet nutritious gum, of which our animals seem sweet nutritious gum, of which our animals seemed to be extremely fond, eating it with much avidity, and licking the trees with their tongues, and preferring the bark to the rich blue grass of the pasturage at their feet. The shades of night began to fleck the sward in long phantom-like shadows, and we were just on the point of going into camp, all thoroughly tired out with the long tramp we had made since sunrise, when the whole command were suddenly startled by rather an unlooked-for occurrence.

"Hallo, strangers," shouted out a number of voices from the deep gloom of an immense overshadowing hill directly in front of us, and the hills in the rear, and the nurmuring evening breeze echoed the unexpected salutation. It was almost impossible to see anything, so we shouted back as lend as we could bawi:

"Hallo yourself:"
"Whar you from, strangers!" was the prompt

"Whar you from, strangers' the prompt response.

"Reese River. Where are you from?"
"Devil's Cañon, California."

"Whar bound!"

"Whar bound!"

"Out prospectin. Come down yere and line us. Plenty of apple-jack an' fodder for all hands. What's the news from the settlements. Who's runnin for President!"

Before we could answer, the leader of the party stood before us and introduced himself as San Jones. He was a tall muscular-looking fellow, dressed in miner's garb, and soon managed to make himself well acquainted with every member of our party without further ceremony.

"Why, lor' bless me, Guvnur Bob, this ain't you away ut yere is it !" remarked Sam, addressing the dignified out yere is it " remarked Sam, addressing the dignified executive head of our party in a familiar off-hand man

er. 'I answer to that name sometimes," replied the Gov

ernor.
"Come down yere, Guvnur Bob, to our camp just under the hill, and line us. Bring all your friends along with

"Come down yere, Guvnur Bob, to our camp just under the hill, and jine us. Bring all your friends along with you. Come, gentlemen, you're all welcome to all we've set. You're the first white men, outside my party, I've seen out yere for eighteen months. Come an jine us."

Every man in this company was not only armed with the latest improved breech-loaders and an abundance of ammunition, but was also amply provided with a complete outfit to enable him to prosecute his search after the precious metals for several months to come. They had been out some its months already, and had been quite successful. They had worked "clean five surface holes," as they called them, from which they had taken out nearly \$70,000 worth of silver, almost in a virgin state. This amount, after all expenses were deducted, would only give them, they said, about fair wages for each man. They showed as some very fine specimens of ore, which contained about one-third silver, and some lead. No gold was found. Most of the silver was tractable and easily worked.

Some particles picked from the crevices of the rocks

was found. Most of the silver was tractable and assign the silver was the silver was tractable and assign the silver was also a small portable iron furnace in sections, so that it could be moved about from place to place on the backs of their mules. Most of the silver deposits they examined the moved about from place to place on the backs of their mules. Most of the silver deposits they examined the moved about from place to place on the backs of their mules. Most of the silver deposits they examined the moved about from place to place on the backs of their mules. Most of the silver deposits they examined the moved about from place to place on the backs of their mules. Most of the silver deposits they examined the moved about from place to place on the backs of their mules. Most of the silver in the form of "stephanito" and "stelletite," the latter being peculiar to the miles of Eastern Nevada.

Everywhere in this region the indications of silver were abundant. The exposed to the atmosphere, has formed the combination known among miners as the chief deposition of the silver. It is only, however, by the appliances of improved machinery, directed by the highest order of engineering skill, and the outlay of a large amount of capital, that any of these ilseures, ledges and well-s, can ever be profitably numbered 30 men. The complex of the silver of the silver complex of the silver shown of the silver in the second of the with you!" Say what you will of the possible of the silver shown of the silver sh enough to engage in battle with it on legal ground. The 25th of October, then!" But I will return to this

gineer, and guide, the whole Constitution of the United States, with all the amendments included, and the civil and criminal code of either idaho, Montana, or Nevada on two legs. His jurisdiction extends over even the smallest details, while his entire code of unwritten laws contains but two words, "Yes" and "No."

IN THE MISTS OF THE PACIFIC.

THE REDWOOD FOREST OF SAN MATEO AND SANTA CRUZ-ALONG THE SHORE OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY—THE CANADA DE SAN AN-DREAS—BEARS, WOLVES, AND DEER WITHIN TWENTY MILES OF SAN FRANCISCO-THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS OF SAN MATEO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 9 .- The peninsula of

San Francisco is at the northern end of a long range of mountains, stretching with only slight breaks at long intervals from Cape St. Lucas at the southern point of the Peninsula of lower California to the Mission Dolores in this city, almost at the Golden Gate. These mountain bear different names at different points, but are generally poken of as the "Coast Range." Some 20 miles south of San Francisco they rise into a majestic Sierra, known as the Sierra Morena. Further south they form the Sants Cruz Mountains and afterward take the name of the Gavilan, or Gabilan Range. Along this range in San Mateo and Santa Cruz Countles, is one of the largest, if not the largest, of the redwood forests of California. This forest belt is 10 to 20 miles in width from east to west, and from 30 to 40 miles in length from north to south, and contains timber enough to build twenty San Franciscos. The redwoods nowhere come down to the Pacific coast, and the traveler on the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad catches so few glimpses of them that he would never dream of the existence of such forest, while from the decks of passing steamers on sees only small patches of them in the canons, miles back in the interior. The giant redwood-to which family the oig trees of Tuolumne, Calaveras, and Mariposa Coun ties belong-flourishes best at a high elevation and in warm, moist atmosphere. This great forest, like that of Mendocino, crowns the mountains with tropical luxuriance, and is watered by the mists which, rising for a considerable part of the year from the bosom of the Pacific, are driven inland by the trade winds and con densed on the mountain slopes, keeping the rank vegetation which clothes them almost perpetually dripping The redwoods themselves rise to a hight of 100 to 300 fee or more, and attain immense size, Beneath their shade springs up an undergrowth of flowering shrubs and trees-California lilac, tea-oak, pine, ceonotus, laurel or giant California honeysuckle, which, half bush half vine rises to a hight of 10 to 20 feet, and from its thousands of trumpet-shaped flowers tinted like the crab apple bloc som, loads the atmosphere with a delicious perfume; and last, but not least, the Madroña, queen of the forest, and fairest of all the trees of earth. These woods are for the most part in a native state. Here and there the ax and saw-mill have made sad havoc, but in the more moun tainous and least accessible localities the fores stretches unbroken for miles and miles, and sience reigns supreme. Horse trails are few, and the dense undergrowth and the ruggedness of the country make access almost impossible. Here the grizzly bear hides in security, and from his mountain fast esses sallies forth at intervals to forage on the flocks and herds, orchards and gardens, that dot the lowlands. Here the California lion, wolf, fox, mink, raccoon, wild-cat, lynx, deer, eagle, and great vulture, abound, within hearing of the whistle of the locomotive which sweeps through the Valley of Santa Clara, and almost within reach of the choes of the guns of Alcatraz, and the bells of the Golden City. It is still a terra incognita, and for years to come will be a veritable hunter's paradise. Quail, doves, pigeons, abbits, squirrels, hare, and other game, are found everywhere, and the pure, mountain streams swarm with th

beautiful spotted trout of California. What lies beyond this great forest, and between it and the Pacific Ocean? To enable me to answer this question, I last week mounted my good Caballa, and on a sunny afternoon rode away to the southward, my little son ac companying me on his pet horse for the first part of the For an outfit I took a tooth-brush, pocket-comb, jack-knife, and a revolver, with plenty of ammunition. THE RIDE TO CRYSTAL SPRING.

Leaving San Francisco, we rode out by the Mission Dolores, and along the San Bruno road. The Bay of San Francisco dotted with sails, and with the sheres of Contra Costa and Alameda, and their high hills, overlooked by the bold peak of Mount Diablo, in the background. was a picture in itself; and every turn of the road disclosed some new beauty in the ever-shifting panorama. At one point we saw a land-locked basin, in which a lozen Italian fishermen's boats lay rocking idly, and were wading in the bay up to their necks, hauling a seine, while their felucea-rigged craft rode at anchor as it might have done in the Levant or the Grecian Archipelago. Cut out that section of the blue bay, with the elucca and its crew of red-capped fishermen, put it into a frame, and you have a matchless "Scene in the Levant." by one of the very oldest of the masters. Great white pelicans winged their way in silence over the waters, and flocks of gulis, shangs, and crooked-billed curlew, rose as we galloped along. Long streamers of snowy vapor hung out like flags of truce from the summits of the mountains on the west, and looking back to the north we saw the mist driving in from the Golden Gate and scudding across the bay.

THE VALLEY OF SAN ANDREAS.

At San Bruno, 13 miles from San Francisco, we turned westward and crossed over into the beautiful Canada de San Andreas, a lovely little valley lying in the bosom of

the hills, under the shadow of the Sierra Morena. The Spring Valley Water Company, which derives its water supply for San Francisco from the head of the Pillarcitos Creek, in the Redwoods, some 40 miles south of the city, and has a beautiful lake for a reservoir in the mountains, is here building another reservoir which is to beat everything on the continent. A dam 70 feet high, with foundations 60 feet deep, has been thrown acros the valley, and the waters of the San Andreas thus thrown back, form a lake two miles and a half long, and containing one thousand million gallons. This is to be held as a reserve supply for dry seasons. John Chinaman did the work, with white men as Superintendents, and, as is his custom, did it well. He is now at work in the same quiet methodical way making bricks for the barriers of the flood-gates. Along the Bay the hills at this season are bare and brown, but here fresh green chaparral and tall full-foliaged trees stretch out on every side, and we ride down a road embowered with shrubbery, and dark with the cool shadows of evening. Coveys of tufted quail rise and whirr away as we mallop on, and rabbits creep into the bushes at every turn in the road. At the entrance of a canon stands a cottage, shaded by broad spreading oaks and fragrant bay trees; and by the door, book in hand, sits a fair young daughter and by the door, book in hand, sits a last year of California, with great brown eyes as beautiful as those of a sea-lion—I can think of no more complimentary simile. She tells us that game is swarming, and that there will be rare sport for the hunters after the 18th-inst., when the prohibition on shooting is removed. A huge grizzly took possession of the pasture on the hillside opposite the house some weeks since, and stayed there undisturbed for a fortnight, only leaving when the wild clover, upon which he came to inxuriate, failed. Deer are seen almost daily, and a few days ago a lynx, or wild cat, or California loon, the women could not tell which, came down to the cottage in broad daylight, caught a fowl, and sat down by the door to cat it. A lady threw her shoe at the creature, which theroupon trotted off, with a growl, carrying his stolen dinner with him. Taking leave of our fair hostess, I tell her that I start for Mexico and long pascar in a few days, and as we ride away she bows gravely, and in the soft. Castikan tongue, not her native language, bids me, as is the custom of the people. Adios, amigo! adding, "the peace of God be with you!" Say what you will of the noble Saxon tongue and race, that is better than "ta ta," "good day," or even "good by."

Twenty miles from San Francisco is the beautiful watering page the page of the creature of the grant of the grant of the grant springs. There is of California, with great brown eyes as beautiful as those

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"GRYSTAL SPRINGS.

Twenty miles from San Francisco is the beautiful watering place known as the Crystal Springs. There is a fine large hotel here, at which we stop for the night. In front of it runs the San Mateo Creek, with fish ponds and other improvements in process of construction. Flowers bloom profusely in the gardens, but the back; ground of the picture is, for me, its chief attraction. The mountains slope down from the west as regularly as if cut by the hand of man, and form an amphitheater a thousand times more grand than the Collecum. In the center of this amphitheater is the hotel. Away back in the air, cutting sharply against the horizon, stand great pines, from whose broad-spreading branches fieat long streamers of green-gray moss, giving an air of great age and venerableness to the forest. Densely weded are all the intervening hillsides withpihe fragrant laurel, tea-oak, and many flowering shrubs interwoven with the glorious Madrofia, whose crown of bright green leaves contrasts so pleasingly with its bark of brilliant seariet. The Madrofia ought to be the favorite tree with the Fenian Brotherhood, who are so fond of seeing the green above the red. Sitting on the broad plazza, in the cool evening, we hear the whistie of the locomotive at San Matee, only four miles eastward over the hills, and as the faint echoes die away in the cafions, a wolf, which has been stealtylly prowing in the vicinity, sets up a sharp, shrill yelf in answer. Other wolves take up the cry, and in an instant it would seem that there were a bundred of them instead of half a dozen; and the woods